CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

FICTION

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Stories of Our Little Folks

(Prize.)

It Pays to Be a Go-Hawk.

Mrs. Smith was seated by the window waiting patiently for her son, Jack, who was a strong boy of 15, and worked in a store near by. His father was a drunkard and objected to his being a Go-Hawk. Presently Jack and his father came into sight both arguing about joining the Go-Hawks. "No, no, you have enough work at home without being a Go-Hawk," said Mr. Smith. "But father," exclaimed Jack, "It teaches you to be kind to dumb animals." "Oh, that's all nonsense. Go chop the wood before supper." Jack went obediently and soon came in for supper with the wood box filled.

Soon after the supper dishes were cleared away, his father left. He then had the opportunity to speak to his mother, about joining the "Happy Tribe." His mother consented willingly and he wrote to Happy that very night asking for his Go-Hawk pin. In a few days it arrived and Jack Smith was the happiest boy in the village. He soon found work in Hillrose with the help of his Go-Hawk pin and now the Smiths are the happiest people in the town of Hillrose.—Ruth Beranek, Aged 14, Loup City, Neb.

A Kind Deed.

Here I am again, Happy. This is my third letter to your page. Here is my story: It was cold, bleak, biting weather. People stamped their feet and clapped their hands to keep them warm. On the corner stood an old woman with a child in her arms and two of them by her side. She was hardly covered, but gave what little she had to the children. She wanted to cross the street, but wondered how she was going to do it. She was so old and walked so slowly someone was sure to run over her. Children were running home from school shouting and jumping and hurrying home. She started to cross several times, but had to turn back every time. At last came the boy who asked her if he could help her across. She said "Yes," and she got across the street. This boy said, "When my mother is old and her hair is gray and her own dear boy is too far away, I wish someone would lend her a hand." And, Happyland readers, do you know who this boy was. Why, he was one of Happy's Go-Hawks.—A Happy Page Reader, Anna Merwald, 3621 Madison Street, South Omaha.

Princess Vincala.

Once upon a time in a high tower there lived a princess. Her name was Vincala. Her father was a rich king, who had a large number of wise men.

Years before the wise men had told the king to put Princess Vincala in a high tower out on a lonely island. Because she would surely bring great trouble to their kingdom if she was not locked up in the tower, for she was born to the king and queen with a terrible misfortune upon her. The king immediately became afraid and was so terribly alarmed that he locked his only beloved daughter, Princess Vincala, up in the tower.

One time several days later as she was looking out of the window of the tower she saw a large warship coming down the river. The ship came to a halt right before the tower. The gangplank was lowered and an army of soldiers crossed the gangplank and came marching on shore. They shouldered their guns and charged across the small strip of land between the ship and the tower. She heard heavy blows of axes at the foot of her tower. Then how frightened Princess Vincala was when she heard heavy footsteps climbing the tower stairs. Her locked door burst open with a bang. Without a word she was clasped in strong arms and carried to the ship.

They took Princess Vincala to an uninhabited island and left her there alone. She wandered around the island for many days and lived on berries and wild fowl eggs. At last she was found by a tribe of Indians. Princess Vincala was taken to their camp and the great Chief White Feather fell in love with her. She married the chief and lived happy ever after. One day the king, her father, wandered for miles on the islands hunting and came upon his daughter and Chief White Feather now in their beautiful wigwam.

Princess Vincala and Chief White Feather invited the princess' father to make his home with them.

What a happy ending to such a tragic beginning.—Deca Taylor, Aged 11, 5109 South Thirty-ninth Avenue, Omaha.

NUTS TO CRACK

By Billy Squirrel

Why are teeth like verbs?

Answer—Because they are regular, irregular and defective.

What word is it, to which if you add a syllable it will be shorter?

Answer—Short (shorter).

What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, yet gave two to his children?

Answer—Parents.

Must Hurry With Kind Deeds to Animals.

Many of you have never stopped to think what a short time we really have to be very kind to animals, because they do not live so very long. Many men and women live to be 80, 90 and some 100 years old. Of course, it is not really a surprise that some dumb animals should not live long. Perhaps they do not have enough to eat, or they may not have the proper shelter. Then, too, we take from them milk, fleece, hides, etc.

Do you suppose you would have the courage to want to live to be very old if you knew all the while that a butcher was waiting for you to get just fat enough, so he could use a knife on you? Let us look over our list of animal friends and see just what is the usual length of life for some of them.

When a dog is 20 or 25 years old he can scarcely drag himself around. Our friend, the pig, of whom you should think gratefully each time you are enjoying a ham sandwich, finds himself like a feeble old man if he lives to be 20. When a cat is 15 she no longer cares to chase mice. She says goodby to all roaming around, to all her kittenish ways and settles contentedly in the corner of the barn or by the fireside to end her days.

The goat and the sheep are very, very old at 15, while the rabbit at 8 or 10 is a worn out little fellow. If a rat lives until he is 4 years old and is lucky enough to escape the cat and the rat trap, he is a real old soldier. The pigeon may live from 6 to 10 years, and the guinea fowl, hen and turkey, 12. A goose lives longer. Do you know why? It is because a goose never worries, so she sometimes lives to be 25 years old and perhaps older. The goldfish, the sparrow and many of our little feathered friends who flit about so joyously and carefree from tree to tree singing in the rain, as well as in the sunshine, glad over even a grain of mustardseed, these merry little travelers may live from 20 to 25 years.

Since a part of our Happy Tribe pledge is being kind to dumb animals and birds, you will be glad to learn all about them. Dear old Uncle John, who lives at the edge of a big forest, will tell the Happyland children some of the interesting things he sees in birds who make homes near him. They all seem to love him and know he is their friend. You will learn to love him, too. Some Sunday I will tell you more about Uncle John and what he looks like.

Happy

The Trail of the Go-Hawks

SYNOPSIS.

The Go-Hawks, a jolly crowd of boys who play Indian, ask the twins, Prudence and Patience, to join their tribe. The twins have both fun and sorrow as "squaws" of the Go-Hawks. Their circus ends in an accident and illness for Donald, the clown. To celebrate his recovery a party is given in his honor. Afterward Jack invites all the guests to his home for dinner, which is a surprise to his father and the cook. The Go-Hawks have a fine time, and when Jack had his father talk over the evening later, Mr. Carroll does not scold the boy, but tells him he must give no more dinner parties for a while.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XI.

Retribution.

"What do you suppose has become of the squaws?" asked Jack of Donald a few days after the dinner. "I haven't seen them anywhere and I've walked past their house a lot of times."

"I don't know," replied Donald, "'less they both have the mumps, and then of course they wouldn't want to show their faces."

All misfortunes at this time were associated in the speaker's mind with illness. Both boys were stretched full length on the grass, their caps pulled down to shade their eyes.

"Well, one thing sure pop, they'd never go back on the Go-Hawks. We've never been sorry we let 'em in, for they've always obeyed orders and done what we told 'em to and if they're in any trouble now I'm going to help them out. It's our business to protect them 'cause they're our squaws."

Donald studied in silence and then said slowly, "I wish't they weren't twins—that's my objection to 'em. It makes 'em look too much alike all the time."

"You always find something the matter, Don. I suppose if you had died and gone to heaven you'd have found something the matter there. Don't you ever feel like everything is all right and laugh just 'cause you're glad?"

"But what'd I laugh at? There's no fun laughing 'cept you've somethin' to laugh 'bout."

"I like you, Don, even if you are queer and fussy, and perhaps you'll outgrow kickin' about everything. I once knew a girl and they said she was outgrowin' fits and that's worse than what you've got, so don't worry. Let's get something to eat. I'm hungry.

The Trevellyn home had not been a cheerful place the past few days. Miss Sallie was dressing one afternoon when callers came. She wished her violet tea jacket. She searched hastily, finding no trace of it, and was the more puzzled since the day before she had the same experience with her black silk petticoat. She knew positively that she had hung it on its accustomed hook in her closet and yet it seemed to have disappeared, mysteriously, absolutely. The violet tea jacket had apparently met the same fate. Late in the afternoon she searched again in vain and then called to the twins, who were playing in their room, "Children, have either of you seen my tea jacket?"

There was silence in the next room. 'Children, do you hear me?" she called.

"What'll we do? What'll we do? What-e-v-e-r'll we do?" whispered the girls excitedly. Then a voice answered haltingly, "We haven't seen it so very lately, auntie."

(Continued next Sunday.)

Grandpa's Story.

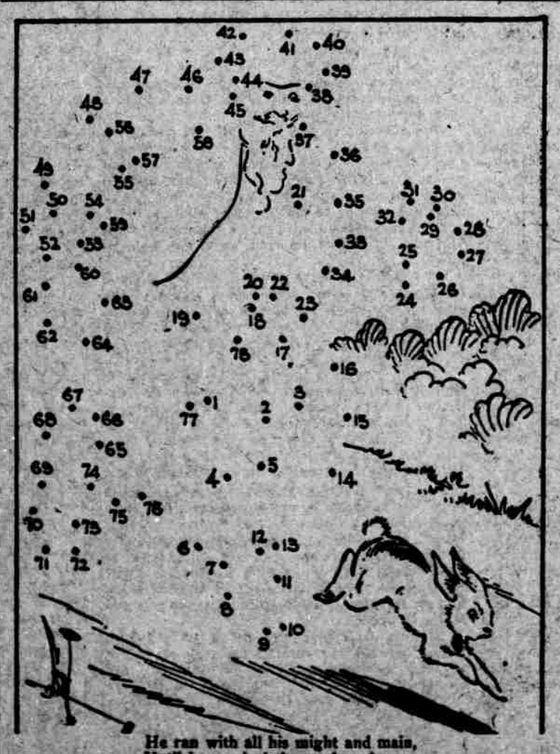
Dear Happy: A long time ago my grandfather drove through Omaha with his family in a covered wagon from Illinois.

A man in Omaha wanted to trade my grandpa 40 acres of land where Omaha now is for a team of mules. My grandpa wanted $50 to boot, but the man wouldn't give him any money, so they didn't trade.

My great-great-grandpa fought in the revolutionary war and both of my grandfathers were soldiers in the civil war.

I would like to join your club and promise to be good to all animals and birds. I am sending a stamp for a button. Yours truly.—Milburn Weundorff, Fort Calhoun, Neb.

Dot Puzzle



He ran with all his might and main,
Until he reached the road again.

Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning at Figure 1 and taking them numerically.

By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON.

Two naughty boys, Jimmy and Bobby, went to the Happy Forest to play. Instead of starting for home when they should, they robbed a bird's nest and paid no attention to the cries of the mother bird. They sat down to rest and play with their eggs and fell asleep. Jelf, the Love Elf of the Forest, finds them sleeping and the minute he hears the cries of the mother bird and sees her nest with its eggs on the ground he knows what has happened and goes to work to punish the boys. The name of Happyland's Fairy Grotto play for June is

"THE JUNE BUG POLICEMEN."

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

KING OF THE JUNE BUGS.
(Boastfully.)

Oh ho! Oh ho! and is that so?
Well, VERY soon these two shall know
That robbers come to some bad end,
Unless they're hindered by a friend.
I promise they'll steal nothing more.
Come! Pinch their ears till they are sore.

(Beckons to his June Bugs. They come buzzing out and drop down on the ground by Bobby and Jimmy, and begin pinching them. The boys stir restlessly in their sleep and waken.)

JIMMY.
(Only half awake.)

Oh—Oh—Oh—OH!
My ears! Let go!

(Boys continue to mumble and stir in their sleep, but do not fully waken.)

QUEEN OF THE FIREFLIES.
(Dances over toward her Fairies at the back of the stage.)

Rest now, my pretty Fireflies,
Beneath the darkening, evening skies.
High up among the folded leaves
A broken-hearted mother grieves;
But we will summon Jelf—and then—
She will not have to grieve again.

(The Firefly Fairies give a pretty little dance with beckoning movements of hands toward the far woods. At the close they stand in a posture of waiting and seem to be listening. Soon comes the sound of dreamy music—Schumann's "Traumerei"—softly played as the last notes die away. From the distance is heard the low but clear strains of a flute, gradually drawing nearer. It heralds the approach of Jelf, the Love Elf of the Happy Forest. He enters center back stage with light, graceful movements, discovers at once the sleeping boys, goes over to them and looks down on them, shaking his head sadly.)

JELF.
(Seriously.)

June Bug Policemen, you may keep
These cruel boys still fast asleep,
For robber boys who love to take
A nest of eggs should not awake.
Just let them toss, and cry and scream,
And keep them in a bad, bad dream.

(The King of the June Bugs rises from the side of Jimmy, to whom he seems to have fastened himself. He bows low to little Jelf, whom, all creatures of the field and air love dearly.)

KING OF THE JUNE BUGS.

Little Jelf, you need not fear,
All the June Bugs stay right here.

QUEEN OF THE FIREFLIES.
(Dancing toward Jelf.)

Who may YOU be, you pretty little fellow,
With your sunny smile and suit of yellow?

JELF.
(Bows low to her, his magic wand over his heart.)

Oh, I am little Jelf,
The happy little elf.
I come down to the world from far above
No soul too sad or old
No heart too hard or cold
But I can warm it with my power of love.
I wave my wand and all the world grows bright,
And Hate is Love and Wrong is turned to Right.

(Jelf waves his magic wand over the sleeping boys, and then bends for a moment lovingly over the nests of eggs. The boys loosen their hands from the nests. Jelf gently picks up the nests—one at a time—and restores them to the tree.)

JELF.
(Tenderly looking, as he speaks, up into the tree, as though addressing someone there.)

Dear mother, do not shed another tear;
Your eggs were cold. I warmed them for you, dear,
And now my love shall guard you as you lie
And nurse your eggs beneath the starry sky.

(As Jelf speaks, the Fireflies are flashing their lights. Enter right stage the mother of Jimmy and Bobby. Clinging to her hand is a frightened little girl calling: "Bobby!" "Bobby!" "Jimmy!" "Jimmy!")

MOTHER.
(Nervously.)

I am so frightened! They came here to play—
Out in these woods, quite early in the day.
Could they be lost? Oh, dear me!
It is so dark in here that I can scarcely see!

(Mother calls: "Bobby!" "Jimmy!")

BOBBY.
(Sits up dazed, still half asleep.)

Oh, how that mother bird does cry!
No use at all for us to try
To go to sleep—
So I'll just peep
At the eggs here by my side.

(Bobby turns to look at the birds' nests and finds them gone.)

JIMMY.
(Awakened by the noise of Bobby, also sits up and rubs his eyes.)

What's the matter? What a noise!
Now what's happened to us boys?

(The mother of the boys repeats: "Bobby!" "Jimmy!" as though to rouse them from their sleep. Jimmy reaches out his hand, searching for his bird's nest, only to find it also gone.)

(Continued Next Sunday.)

Lily Anne, Alice and Janet were all sitting before the fire one evening talking earnestly about their futures. Lily Anne wished to be a great musician when she grew up, Alice a wonderful actress, and finally, it was little Janet's turn to speak. She was thoughtful a few minutes and then she said:

"Well I think I will be just a plain mother."

It is not the thing you do, dear
It is the thing you left undone,
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.

WEATHER.

Rose Petal Showers in Happyland.

Coupon for HAPPY TRIBE

Every boy and girl reader of this paper who wishes to join the Go-Hawks Happy Tribe, of which James Whitcomb Riley was the First Big Chief, can secure his official button by sending a 2-cent stamp with your name, age and address with this coupon. Address your letter to "Happy," care this paper. Over 60,000 members!

MOTTO

"To Make the World a Happier Place."

PLEDGE

"I promise to help someone every day. I will try to protect the birds and all dumb animals."

Proud Barbara.

Barbara Lapan was the daughter of a French duge. Barbara had everything a child could wish for. But yet she was not contented. She wanted things that could not be gotten, as magic dolls and magic rugs. But she was very proud. She held her head above the other poor little children. There came a time when the war broke out in France and her father had to go and fight for his country. They soon began fighting near the town where Barbara lived. One day her mother had gone away and left Barbara alone. Along came the British. They burnt the mansion and went away. And when Lady Lapan came home she saw the mansion in ruins, and she found Barbara behind them weeping bitterly. When the war was over Sir Lapan came back, but he was just Mr. Lapan. Then Barbara was too glad to look and play with the other children, and they gladly forgave her of all her meanness to them.

Mardele Ruck, Age 13, Herman, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I want to join your Go-Hawk tribe. I will promise to be kind to all birds and dumb animals. I am 8 years old and in the fourth grade. I have a little friend in school. Maybe she will join, too, some time. I am sending 2 cents for a button. Yours truly, Edna Walter, Walnut, Ia.

Likes Our Button.

Dear Happy: I received my badge and think it is very pretty. I wear it every day. I go to school every day and like it very much. I am in the fourth grade. As my letter is getting long I will close.—Helen Schmukloth, Bennington, Neb.

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

A Good Go-Hawk is thoughtful of others when traveling. Many of you are going away on summer trips and don't forget there are little acts of kindness that will lighten the journey for those about you. Share your magazines with those who have none, help some tired mother with a fretful baby or small child and do not take up more than your rightful space in the dressing rooms. Dress as quickly as possible, so you will not keep others waiting. All these little acts will add to the comfort of your fellow passengers.

Winter Is the Time for Sports.

All right, get ready for the fun! Everybody is down to the skating rink, but Doris and Donald are gazing out at the wonderful sight. They have no skates, but the children at the rink had some sympathy, so they called the twins over to the rink and borrowed them some skates. Oh! then the fun that followed for Doris and Donald! They took a good tumble, but started out again with a beaming smile of joy on their faces. There never was a happier scene than that day when the twins were present at the skating rink.

That evening two happy children were telling their mother the story of the most glorious day. In the morning when the sun peeped through the window there could be seen two children the broadest smiles on their faces.—Laura Berek, age 12 years, 1348 North Broad street, Fremont, Neb.

A Little Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: This is my second letter. I am 9 and in the fourth grade. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for my button. I am writing a story. I have a lot of pets. I have two rabbits, a puppy, three kitties, a horse and a cow.

Once there was a little girl drawing and cutting out paper dolls. Soon she got tired and went to bed without picking her things up. When she got to the stairs she thought: I am a Go-Hawk and I am young, while mother is older and cannot do it half as easily as I can. So she turned around and picked all her things up; then she went to bed happy.—Josephine L. Hylton, age 9, Brownville, Neb.

Likes Pigeons.

Dear Happy: I am 10 years of age. I am in the sixth grade at school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Guyer.

I have some pet pigeons and I am especially fond of them because they pick and flap me with their wings.

I am sending my coupon and my 2-cent stamp. Wish to receive my button soon. Wish some Go-Hawks would write to me.—Wilda Edwards, Parks, Neb.

Proud of Button.

Dear Happy: I received my button February 8, 1922, and I am very proud of it. I wear it all the time promise to be good to all animals since I got it. I think it is very pretty. Please, some of the Happy Go-Hawks write to me. I still remain, respectfully yours.—Jeanette Miller, age 10, 625 East Lincoln, Kearney, Neb.

Yesterday I entertained our No Name Club and we had such a good time and had a picnic out in the yard. I made the lemonade for our little supper and here is what I made:

GRAPE JUICE LEMONADE.

Take four lemons, one quart of water, two large cups of sugar, one quart of grape juice and one orange. Put the water and sugar on the fire and boil for two minutes. Roll the lemons, squeeze out the juice. Add lemon juice to sugar and water (when cool) and put in the ice box until you need it. Then add grape juice and put in a large bowl with a good-sized piece of ice. Slice the orange very thin and cut in small pieces and add last. Serve in glass cups or small glasses. POLLY.

Saving the Wagon Train.

The little French girl, Jacqueline, sat at the front of one of the wagons of the slowly moving wagon train. Her dark, dreary eyes were turned towards the nearby hills. She sat quiet thus for about 15 minutes, when suddenly the dreaminess left here soft eyes and with a little start she crept to the back of the canvas-covered wagon. She watched with eager eyes and seeing something that evidently did not please her. She swung herself to the ground and mounted a pony tied to the back of the wagon. Jacqueline drove her little boots into the pony's flanks, rode up to her father, the commander of the little band of French Huguenots. He leaned over as she whispered in his ear, "Daddy, the Indians are surrounding us; draw up the circle." The man did not look on either side of him as he rode to the end of the train, having told his daughter to ride to the front and stop the train. Soon the train was drawn up in an uneven circle.

The warwhoop of the Indians was soon heard, but they did not succeed in smoldering the lives in that plucky little band of Frenchmen. Soon the last of the Indians rode off. How thankful everyone in the train was that night. But Jacqueline was the happiest, for she had saved the train.

Will some of the Go-Hawks write to me, including Maxine Murphy? Dorothy Price, 2563 Evans, Omaha, Neb.

The Teenie Weenies

By William Donahey

Scouts in Camp.

As soon as the Teenie Weenie children are old enough they are taken out into the woods, where they are taught many useful things. They are told what berries make good food and where to find them. they are taught to swim and how to keep from being lost in the thickest jungle of tall grass.

The Lover twins had joined the Teenie Weenie Boy Scouts and with the Indian as their guide and teacher they had gone into the big woods for their first lesson in woodcraft. The little campers had a wonderfully snug shelter, which the Indian had built out of sticks, grass and bark, and their beds were made out of the soft down of the dry dandelion blossom.

The little fellows had spent a week in their tiny camp and the Indian had showed the twins many useful and wonderful things. He taught the two boys how to make a tiny canoe out of birch bark, how to build the frame out of slender sticks, to bind the bark to the frame with tough grass, and how to make the seams water tight with the pitch from the pine trees. He taught them where to find the ground berry, the raspberry, blackberries, strawberries, huckleberries, and the sassafras and wintergreen out of which he made tea. The Indian showed them how to get sirup out of the sweet clover blossom and he explained the use of roots as medicine. One day he shot a crawfish and roasted the claws, and when it was thoroughly cooked the three little men scooped the delicious meat out of the shell and ate it.

"This bad time of year to get much food," said the Indian, as the three little fellows sat around their tiny campfire one evening. "Not much berries ripe now. No nuts ripe now. Maybe we get turtle eggs some day. Me go out and look tomorrow."

"Where did you find the turtle eggs?" asked Jerry, one of the twins.

"Turtle he come up on bank of creek and lay eggs in ground," answered the Indian. "Him dig up ground and then sit down in hole and wiggle around until he cover himself all over with dirt. Then he—I mean she—lay heap many eggs, but we must get eggs while them heap fresh or them much no good. After turtle eggs he—I mean she—get out of ground and go back to water in creek, and eggs they hatch out into little turtles in maybe four, five, six weeks."

After breakfast the next morning the Indian took his tiny gun and with the twins following close behind he set off down the bank of the creek in search of a turtle's nest. He searched for a long time without finding a sign of a nest and finally stopped to ask a ground squirrel whom they met if he had seen any signs of turtles making nests along the creek.

"Clip my whiskers, if I didn't see one yesterday," answered the squirrel.

"She was a pretty good sized one and I think she had just come off of her nest. I didn't pay much attention to her, as I was busy huntin' for some nuts I buried last fall."

The squirrel kindly led the three Teenie Weenies along the bank of the creek and pointed to the place where he had seen the turtle. The Indian's keen eyes soon found the place where the nest was and, chopping a stick with his tiny ax, he set to work digging in the sand. Presently he uncovered a white object and in a few minutes he lifted a big white turtle egg out of the hole.

"There, that will keep us in food for a long time," said the Indian, as he rolled the egg out. "Now we fill the hole up again and the turtle she never miss it."

"Hadn't we better get some more?" asked one of the twins, for the Indian had uncovered several of the eggs and had explained that there were probably two dozen in the nest.

"No. One egg him plenty to eat for long time," cried the Indian.

The Indian made a tiny raft out of sticks which he lashed together with grapevine bark and, pushing this into the creek, he loaded the egg on to it and poled down the stream to camp. That night the little campers dined on turtle egg, and, although they ate all they could hold, there was quite enough egg left to last for days.